

"CHARMED"

"I've Got You Under My Skin"

Production #4398001

Written by Brad Kern

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

Aaron Spelling
E. Duke Vincent
Constance M. Burge
Brad Kern

SUPERVISING PRODUCER

Les Sheldon

DIRECTOR

John T. Kretchmer

FIRST DRAFT 7/25/98

SHOOTING SCRIPT - WHITE 7/28/98

REV. SHOOTING SCRIPT - BLUE - 8/3/98 (FULL)

REV. SHOOTING SCRIPT - PINK 8/22/98 (FULL)

REV. SHOOTING SCRIPT - yellow 8/29/98 (FULL)

REV. SHOOTING PAGES - GREEN 9/1/98

REV. SHOOTING PAGES - goldenrod 9/1/98

(4, 8, 15, 17, 19, 22, 22A, 25, 35, 44, 46)

(SECOND SET OF REVISIONS FOR 9/1/98)

SPELLING TELEVISION, INC.
5700 Wilshire Blvd
Los Angeles, CA 90036

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. QUAKE - NIGHT (NIGHT ONE) 1 *

Twentysomething heaven. Hip, happening, line out front to get in.

2 INT. QUAKE - NIGHT 2 *

Packed, overflow crowd at the bar encroaches on the diners. Piped-in rock music with a beat, young men in suits with an agenda. PICK UP the object of some of their attention, PHOEBE, in her element and dressed to attract, as she weaves her way through the players.

PHOEBE

Excuse me, whoops, sorry...

She bumps into PIPER, crazed, en route to her corner bar stool.

PIPER

I'm gonna kill him.

She swipes a credit card through the computerized register, enters the total.

PHOEBE

Who?

PIPER

Chef Moore, he of the phony accents. Hired me then quits to open his own place? Thank you.

PHOEBE

I don't see any customers complaining.

PIPER

Hello? I'm a chef, not a restaurateur. I have no idea what I'm doing.

(then notices)

Are you wearing my top?

A beautiful model, BRITTANY, leans over, hands Piper her check. Phoebe uses the opportunity to avoid answering Piper's question:

PHOEBE

Hey, Brittany, love the tattoo.

(CONTINUED)

WE SEE Brittany show the back of her right hand, which has an angel on it.

~~BRITTANY~~

Thanks.

PHOEBE

I thought it was illegal to put them on your hand, cuz of the veins?

BRITTANY

In the States, yeah. I got it done in Tahiti. Keep the change, Piper, I gotta jam.

PIPER

Kay, say hi to Max.
(hands card/check to waiter)
Drop this at table nine, will you?
(to Phoebe)
Now, back to my top.

Phoebe instead exchanges smiles with a STUD at the far end of the bar.

PHOEBE

See that poster boy to your right? Just glance, don't be obvious.

PIPER

(glances)
I approve, who is he?

PHOEBE

His name's Alec and he's about to come over and ask me if he can buy me a martini.

PIPER

How do you know?

PHOEBE

Let's just say, I've just solved the age old problem of who approaches whom first.

(sotto)
I had a little premonition.

PIPER

What?

(upset; sotto)
Phoebe, you're not supposed to use your powers, we agreed.

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE

No, you and Prue agreed. I abstained. Besides, it's not like I have any control over it. It just... popped into my head.

PIPER

But that's the whole point, none of us can control our powers! That's what scares me -- I could panic and freeze the entire restaurant!

PHOEBE

Here he comes...

The Stud approaches, breaking their conversation.

ALEC

Hi...

PHOEBE

Oh, hello.

ALEC

I, uh, was just sitting over there wondering if I could buy you a martini, or something?

PHOEBE

A martini, huh?
(for Piper's sake)
Imagine that.
(back to stud)
I'd love to. It's 'Alec,' right?

ALEC

Yeah -- how'd you know my name?

PHOEBE

Wild guess... Wanna grab a table?

Follows Alec away, shoots one last look to Piper.

PIPER

Prue's gonna be pissed.

PHOEBE

News flash. Stop worrying, will ya? You'll get wrinkles.

Phoebe tries to reassure her with a smile as she disappears through the maze of people. Off Piper, anything but reassured:

2A EXT. BRITTANY'S CAR - NIGHT 2A

As Brittany approaches her parked BMW (tinted windows). She unlocks it, opens the door and gets in.

2B INT. BRITTANY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 2B

As she closes the door, locks it, then adjusts her rear-view mirror to check herself out. Pleased, she moves the mirror back into position -- but WE SEE a man's face (Stefan) in the reflection. Sensing him, Brittany looks in the mirror and:

2C EXT. BRITTANY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 2C

As we HEAR her SCREAM, but only for a moment before all is ominously quiet again.

3 EXT. DUPLEX - DAWN (STOCK) 3 *

to establish a charming, Victorian building. Prue's car is parked out front.

4 INT. TRUDEAU'S BEDROOM - DAWN 4 *

ON ANDY TRUDEAU, face down in bed, sleeping, naked, top sheet barely covering his butt. HEAR a creaking floorboard, some O.S. rustling, PAN to the floor, where a blouse is laying next to a skirt which is on top of a man's jeans, socks, boxers... Two bare feet gingerly enter FRAME, then PRUE, slips on a sweater as she kneels down to separate her clothes -- keeping a watchful eye on Trudeau, trying very hard not to wake him. He stirs. She freezes. Waits, then quickly, silently, dresses. Pads over to the door, scoops up her shoes, purse, two condom wrappers, then --

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! The bedside ALARM sounds. Prue, busted, whips her head around to glare at the alarm clock -- and magically sends it flying out the window! Then, she bolts, exits. Trudeau, half-asleep, reaches over to turn off the alarm, searches for it, then opens his eyes, scowls -- where the hell is it? He HEARS an O.S. door close, then realizes Prue's not in bed. He sits up, calls:

TRUDEAU

Prue...?

(CONTINUED)

4

He HEARS a car start, gets out of bed, looks out the window. Off Trudeau, disappointed, troubled:

FADE OUT.

5

OMITTED

5

6

OMITTED

6

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

7 EXT. HALLIWELL MANOR - DAY (DAY TWO) 7 *

Prue's convertible and Piper's SUV are parked in front.

8 INT. HALLIWELL MANOR - KITCHEN - DAY 8

TITLES over Piper, who's feeding the cat, but her attention is focused on the counter TV. INTERCUT:

9 ANGLE - TV MONITOR 9

An A&E-like documentary showing a variety of paintings, frescoes and sketches, circa 16th century, featuring witches on trial, being persecuted by the church, etc.

TV NARRATOR

...Proving that they were the Devil's disciples, was no easy task for the court at the Salem witch trials. But a remarkable event occurred: one of the accused, Mary Esty, ran for the church to profess her innocence -- and was struck by a bolt of lightning...

Piper's incredulous as she reacts to a particularly graphic representation of Mary Esty at the church door, being struck down by lightning.

TV NARRATOR

...In the court's mind, God, himself, had spoken, forbidding the evil witch from even entering His House. The witches were subsequently convicted of heresy and burned alive at the stake...

Prue breezes in, dressed to impress.

PRUE

Morning.

PIPER

Oh. Morning...

PRUE

What're you watching?

PIPER

Nothing. Just a -- show...

(CONTINUED)

Piper hits the remote, turns it off, but not before Prue sees the topic. END INTERCUT.

~~PRUE~~

About witches?
(jokes)

Afraid we're gonna be burned at the stake?

PIPER

(forced laugh)
Yeah, right.
(changes subject)
By the way, Andy called.

PRUE

(stops her)
When?

PIPER

While you were in the shower.

PRUE

What'd you tell him?

PIPER

That... you were in the shower.
(off Prue's reaction)
Bad date?

PRUE

No, no, not at all. We had a great time. Dinner. Movie.
(admits)
Sex...

PIPER

What?...Are you serious? On your first date? You sleaze.

PRUE

(defensive)
It wasn't exactly our first date, Piper.

PIPER

High school doesn't count, that was last decade. Spill.
(off her reluctance)
Ooh. That bad, huh?

PRUE

No, actually that good. It was, we were...amazing. But that's not the point. I told myself things would

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PRUE (cont'd)
be different this time. We would
take it slowly... It just shouldn't
have happened, that's all...

~~Prue~~ Prue grabs her English muffin and coffee, escapes into:

10

INT. HALLIWELL MANOR - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

10

Where Phoebe, in her night shirt, enters having
overheard the last part. Piper follows Prue in.

PHOEBE
What shouldn't have happened?

PIPER
Prue slept with Andy.

PHOEBE
Hello.

PRUE
Oh, great, thanks a lot, mouth.

PHOEBE
Wait, you were gonna tell her, but
not me? Family meeting.

PRUE
Speaking of last night, what time
did you roll in?

PHOEBE
No, no, don't change the subject.

PRUE
Don't dodge the question.

PIPER
Had to be after three at least.

PHOEBE
Must still be on New York time.

PRUE
That would actually make it later.

PIPER
Or maybe you and Alec...

PRUE
Alec? Who's Alec?

PIPER
Some hottie she hit on at the
restaurant.

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE

Excuse me, revisionist history? He
hit on me, remember? I'm vision
thing?

PRUE

Vision thing? What vision thing?
(suspects)
Please tell me you didn't use your
powers.

Phoebe says nothing. Prue looks to Piper.

PIPER

Don't put me in the middle.

PRUE

I'm not, you were born in the
middle.

(to Phoebe)

I thought we agreed!...

PHOEBE

No, we didn't, you laid down the
law, there's a difference.

PRUE

Our powers aren't toys, Phoebe, we
have to be careful. They could get
us killed.

PIPER

She's right, we don't want any more
warlocks finding us.

PHOEBE

Look, it was just a lousy
premonition, okay, nobody died.
Besides, you guys can't control
your powers any better than I can.

Beat. Point made.

PHOEBE

And FYI, nothing happened last
night.

(for Prue)

At least nothing I'm ashamed of.

Phoebe starts off. Prue stops her.

PRUE

There's another reason we have to
be careful. Andy told me he thinks
someone's abducting women in our
area.

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE

Abducting women, what does that mean?

PRUE

It means warlocks aren't the only evil we have to watch out for.

(then, pointed)

And, FYI, I'm not ashamed about anything.

Roundabout reactions ending on Piper, who is thinking about yet another potential evil -- her own. RINGING CHURCH BELLS carry us to:

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

ON A CROSS atop the tower spire, gracing the entry which has huge, imposing double doors. REVEAL Piper sitting in her parked SUV, staring at those doors, deep in thought. After a beat, and unbeknownst to her, a large, black MAN holding an umbrella appears at the passenger door window. A threat? He raps his knuckles on the glass, startling her.

PIPER

(recognizes; relieved)

Pastor William...

(rolls down window)

Scared me.

PASTOR WILLIAM, 20's, congenial, and (we now see) wearing a clerical collar, leans in:

PASTOR WILLIAM

Sorry. Aren't you a little early?

(off her confused look)

Dropping off the unused food from your restaurant. I thought you weren't coming by 'til this afternoon?

PIPER

Oh, yeah, I am. I mean, I'm coming back. Later. With everything.

PASTOR WILLIAM

Great...

(senses something)

So, what're you doing here now?

PIPER

Nothing, really. Just... thinking.

About...? PASTOR WILLIAM

PIPER
Mary Esty.

PASTOR WILLIAM
Who?

PIPER
Just a stupid documentary I saw.
(floats it)
By the way, is it really true that
evil -- beings can't go into a
church without getting, you know --

She pantomimes getting struck by lightning then mimics
the SOUND of getting zapped. He chuckles at that.

PASTOR WILLIAM
Evil beings, you mean like what,
vampires?

PIPER
(chuckling along)
Vampires... No, actually, I was
thinking more along the lines of --
witches...

PASTOR WILLIAM
Witches, huh? Well, let's put it
this way, I sure wouldn't want to
risk it.
(off church)
I gotta go. See you later?

PIPER
Yeah. Right. Absolutely.

She watches as he ascends the steps, pushes open one of
the huge church doors and enters the church.

Piper thinks a beat, then realizes how ridiculous her
fears are, gets out. She crosses to the steps, starts
up, then slows as she sees -- the stone reliefs
depicting biblical icons; the stained glass overhead
showing Jesus damning souls; etc.

ANGLE - THE DOORS

as Piper stands before them. They loom, almost
threatening. She tries to overcome her fear, but she
can't help it. Finally, she reaches for the ornate

(CONTINUED)

door handle, but then -- A CLAP OF THUNDER overhead
scares the hell out of her. She bolts.

12

INT. POLICE STATION - TRUDEAU'S DESK - DAY

12.

which faces his partner's desk. Nothing fancy, quite the contrary. On the cut, Trudeau looks at a 5 X 7 photograph of Brittany (showing her tattoo).

REVEAL her boyfriend, MAX JONES, distraught, standing in front of Trudeau and INSPECTOR MORRIS.

MAX

She didn't come home at all last night. That's not like Brittany, believe me.

MORRIS

What time did she leave to go to 'quake?'

MAX

Eight, eight-thirty. She called around ten, said she was heading home, but...I'm really worried.

TRUDEAU

Chances are she'll show up. They usually do. In the meantime, the best thing you can do right now is to go home in case she calls, alright? Will you do that?

MAX

Yeah, okay... Thanks.

Max, emotional, exits.

TRUDEAU

Fourth one this week.

He pins her photo onto a bulletin board next to three other photos.

MORRIS

Well, they can't just be disappearing into thin air.
(then noticing, frowns)
You do something to your hair?

TRUDEAU

(ignores)
At least we've narrowed down his feeding pool to the area around the restaurant.

(CONTINUED)

12

MORRIS
(exiting)
Better tell your sweetie to lock
her doors at night.

Morris moves away leaving Trudeau to ponder that.

13

EXT. AUCTION HOUSE - DAY

13

to establish this twelve story, creatively designed
building. A bronze plaque reads: BUCKLAND'S.

PRUE (O.S.)
Hold the doors!

14

INT. AUCTION HOUSE - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

14

TWO PAINTERS are inside, as well as REX, 33, a handsome
man in jeans and work shirt, who holds the doors open
as Prue rushes in --

PRUE
Thanks...

-- and spills her purse on the floor.

PRUE
Damn it...Could you push twelve,
please?

Rex does, then bends down to help as the doors close.

REX
Here, lemme help...

He picks up a couple of her 3X5 cards, reads one:

REX
'Eighteenth century French art?'
You work at the auction house?

PRUE
No, just interviewing. If I get
there on time.
(takes cards)
Don't want to get my King Louies
mixed up.

Second floor, TWO BUSINESSMEN enter the car, punch four
and five. Prue, frustrated because she's late, checks
her watch. Then, her cell phone rings. She digs
through her purse, answers it:

(CONTINUED)

PRUE
Hello...? Andy, how'd you get
this number?

INTERCUT:

15 INT. POLICE STATION - TRUDEAU'S DESK - CONTINUOUS 15
Trudeau, alone, on the phone.

TRUDEAU
I'm a detective, remember? I think
we should talk...

In the elevator, Prue, feeling awkward, looks around at
the other riders, who're pretending not to listen.

PRUE
I know but I'm late for my job
interview.

TRUDEAU
I didn't plan for what happened
last night to happen, Prue, you
have to know that...

PRUE
(deflects conversation)
'Course, I'm totally wrong for it
anyway. Stuffy old auction house,
don't even know why they called --

DING! Fourth floor. One of the businessmen exits, but
a LAWYER and TWO CARPENTERS enter with a tool chest.
They crowd in, forcing Prue closer to Rex, and push
floors 7, 9 and 10. Prue can't believe it.

TRUDEAU
We just couldn't help ourselves,
that's nothing to be ashamed of.

PRUE
I know, Andy.

TRUDEAU
All we did was make love...

Prue presses the phone close against her ear so nobody
else can hear.

PRUE
I know, Andy...

(CONTINUED)

TRUDEAU

Then talk to me, help me understand
-- why'd you sneak out like that?

PRUE

I didn't sneak --
(off Rex; Riders)
-- out...
(low whisper)
You were asleep, I didn't want to
wake you. I did write you a note,
I just didn't leave it.

STATIC, the cell phone goes dead.

PRUE (cont'd)

Andy...? Hello?

At the station, Trudeau, frustrated, sits back in his
chair, hangs up. END INTERCUT.

In the elevator, Prue flips her phone closed, exchanges
a look with Rex, who smiles back. She looks around,
everyone's looking up at the numbers over the doors.
This can only mean one thing -- they overheard exactly
what she was talking about.

Prue, embarrassed, looks up at the numbers lit on the
panel: 7, 8, 9, 10, 12. She checks her watch, can't
believe it, she's so late. DING! 7th floor, the doors
begin to open. Prue, flustered, glares at the doors --
and they quickly close almost clipping the exiting
carpenter's nose!

CARPENTER

Hey!

Suddenly, the car begins to rise, fast. The lit
numerals skip from 7, 8, 9 -- without stopping at their
respective floors. The Carpenter punches the EMERGENCY
STOP button, but the car just keeps rising.

Prue reacts, realizing it's her magic that's causing
it. She looks around guiltily then -- DING! The doors
open at the twelfth floor.

REX

That was strange...
(to Prue)
Lucky you, huh?

PRUE

Yeah. I'm charmed alright.

She pushes through and exits. Off Rex watching her:

16 EXT. QUAKE - DAY

16 *

17 INT. QUAKE - DAY

17 *

Lunch crowd, busy. Phoebe's helping out, takes a check over to the bar, where a strikingly, good-looking man, STEFAN, late 20's, though looks older, gorgeous eyes, is entertaining a beautiful model, TIA, who has a distinct mole on her cheek.

PHOEBE

Here you go, thanks.

STEFAN

Thank you.

Phoebe starts away, then stops, gives him a second look. Is that who she thinks it is?

PHOEBE

Excuse me, but -- aren't you Stefan...?

STEFAN

Yes. I'm sorry, do we know each other...

PHOEBE

Highly doubtful. I'm familiar with your work. Just like the rest of the world.

STEFAN

I don't know about that, but I'll always take a compliment from a gorgeous woman.

PHOEBE

(re: Tia)

I'm sure your girlfriend appreciates that.

STEFAN

(whispers)

She's not my girlfriend.

PHOEBE

(smiles; whispers back)

Then why are you whispering?

Tia, annoyed, gets out of her chair. Phoebe speaks in a normal voice, much for Tia's benefit.

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE (cont'd)

Well, anyway, nice meeting you.

~~STEFAN~~

(hooked on Phoebe)

You, too.

He waits for Tia to head toward the bathroom.

STEFAN

Listen, I'm in town for a couple days, doing a Porsche shoot --

(scribbles address)

-- If you're interested, stop by. I'd love to photograph you. You do model, don't you?

PHOEBE

In my dreams.

He hands her a cocktail napkin. She accepts it, then joins a crazed Piper.

PIPER

A driver just called in sick, can you do a quick delivery?

PHOEBE

Sure. Hey, is that guy at the bar staring at me?

PIPER

(looks to bar, then)

A lot of guys at the bar are staring at you.

PHOEBE

The one at the end. Tall, dark, brooding. Very New York.

PIPER

Sorry, no.

Phoebe turns. Stefan is gone, his bar stool now empty.

DARLENE, 20's, leads Prue down a hallway, which is in the middle of being renovated (scaffolding, painters, electricians, etc.). They move past display cases with an eclectic array of inventoried artifacts.

DARLENE

He's seen your resume, is very impressed, although he's already blown out six other applicants.

PRUE

I still don't understand why he's even interested. I never even applied.

DARLENE

He liked what you did for the museum, even though your ex-boss trashed you. What's Roger got against you anyway?

PRUE

Hard to say, unless my shattering his male ego counts for something.
(off her look)
He's also my ex-fiancee.

DARLENE

Got it.

They reach a set of double doors, enter:

19

INT. AUCTION HOUSE - BUCKLAND'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

19

DARLENE

Rex Buckland, this is Prue Halliwell, interviewing for the new Specialist.

Prue looks up, stunned to see -- Rex, shrugging on the coat of his Zegna suit, as he steps around his impressive desk to greet her.

REX

Actually, we've already met.
(extends hand)
Welcome to my stuffy old auction house.

Off Prue, shaking his hand, dying inside:

20

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

20

industrial, isolated. A flashy sports car is conspicuously parked in front of the windowless office.

21

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

21

Dark; shadowy. Driving MUSIC PLAYS as CAMERA TRACKS past a photo set, where a Porsche is parked in front of a cyc; sync lights and reflective umbrellas surround the Hasselblad on its tripod. The MUSIC gets louder as we move past the set, but not loud enough to completely drown out the PLEAS of a terrified woman:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Please, I beg you, don't hurt me...

CAMERA FINDS a black candle, as a match enters FRAME and lights the wick, then lights another, then another. Then, a wrinkled hand lifts up a jewel-encrusted, handheld mirror to reflect the face of -- Stefan, who has aged considerably since we last saw him! He turns toward:

ANGLE - HIS VICTIM

whom we recognize as Tia (the blonde model with the mole on her cheek), on a make-shift altar, wrists and ankles bound. She's surrounded by an evil magic circle of lit, black candles. Her expression is abject fear.

TIA

Let me go, please, Stefan...

STEFAN

(corrects her)

Javna.

He advances on her without conscience and, as he steps into light, she sees his wrinkled face:

TIA

Oh my God... Wait --

Then, his evil eyes turn to fire -- and they literally blaze into hers!

ANGLE - TIA

transfixed by it, a blood-curdling SCREAM cries out in agony as she ages into a ninety year old woman! Then, the connection ceases -- and all of Tia's beauty has been sadly drained from her features, although the mole remains. Her cataract eyes look vacant now, distant, almost as though she's become senile.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE - JEWEL-ENCRUSTED MIRROR

As a youthful hand lifts it up so WE can see the reflection of -- Stefan, young, gorgeous, pleased.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

22 EXT. AUCTION HOUSE - DAY 22

23 INT. AUCTION HOUSE - BUCKLAND'S OFFICE - DAY 23

Rex, seated at his desk, is looking at Prue's folder;
Prue sits in front:

REX

I'm most impressed by the private donations you secured for the museum. How many exhibitions did you curate?

PRUE

Seven, including the Carlton Estate. It should be on my resume.

REX

Franklin Carlton? Quite a coup.

PRUE

I tend to be on the persistent side. I usually get what I want.

REX

I don't doubt it. A shame, though, you think you're -- how'd you put it in the elevator? -- 'totally wrong for the job.'

PRUE

That was a private conversation.

REX

(teases)
Hardly.

Understandably miffed, Prue stands:

PRUE

Look, you called me, remember, not the other way around. And while we're at it, I think it's incredibly unfair of you to eavesdrop on my personal phone call, then to misjudge me --

REX

You're right.

(CONTINUED.)

PRUE
-- based upon what you thought
you...

REX
(off her look)
I apologize. It was unfair of me.
I'm new at this. I only recently
took over the house from my father,
so I'm very protective of it. But
I liked what you did at the museum,
attracting a younger market. It's
consistent with what I'm trying to
do here. It's just that,
qualifications aside, it's very
important to me that whoever I hire
truly wants to be here.

Prue considers that as the intercom BUZZES.

REX
(into speaker phone)
Yes...?

DARLENE'S VOICE
(filtered)
Excuse me, Mr. Buckland, your next
interview is waiting. Should I
reschedule him?

REX
No, I think we're finished here.

Prue holds his look, reads between the lines.

PRUE
Right. Thanks for your time.

She turns to leave, but before she gets to the door,
she turns back for one last pitch:

PRUE (cont'd)
My area of expertise ranges from
the Ming Dynasty to a Mark McGuire
rookie baseball card -- you name
it, I can identify it. Now, I may
not have sought this job
originally, but I do want it. And
I'm definitely right for it.

She shoots him a determined look, exits. Off Rex:

24

EXT. CHURCH - BACK ENTRANCE - DAY

24

Phoebe and Piper are unloading bulk and foil-wrapped food out of the restaurant delivery van and stacking it on the curb for VOLUNTEERS to carry it into the church. A smattering of INDIGENTS, young and elderly, loiter around in the b.g., waiting.

PHOEBE

You'd think after last night, Prue would be a lot mellow. How long'd it been? Six months? She's worse.

PIPER

It's just so un-Prue-like to have sex on the first date. Everything's changing -- now that we're, you know...

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE

What, you never had sex on a first date?

PIPER

No! Have you? Don't answer that.

PHOEBE

It's not a regular thing. Course, now that I'm a witch, I can see if it's gonna be any good or not before --

A volunteer, overhearing, reacts. Phoebe smiles, hands him a case of food. As he moves off:

PIPER

(mortified)

What's the matter with you, are you outta your mind?

PHOEBE

Right, Piper, like he took me literally.

PIPER

You don't know, he could have. I just think we should be extra careful, that's all. In bed and out.

PHOEBE

There's careful, and then there's paranoid.

(senses something)

You wanna talk about it?

PIPER

(evasive)

Talk about what?

Before Phoebe can press her, Pastor William approaches:

PASTOR WILLIAM

Hey, Phoebe, I didn't know you were back in town.

PHOEBE

(hugs hello)

Hey, William.

PASTOR WILLIAM

Take a bite out of the Big Apple, did you?

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE

Ate the worm.

(off his frown)

I'm gonna grab some gum, you guys
want anything?

PASTOR WILLIAM

No, thanks.

She exits, leaving Pastor William alone with Piper. He gives her a long look, which she tries to avoid at first, then decides to go for it:

PIPER

Okay, look, here's the deal. I've got this... friend, right? Has a little problem, could be bad. Not quite sure what to tell her.

PASTOR WILLIAM

You want to go inside?

PIPER

NO! I mean, I've gotta get going.

PASTOR WILLIAM

So, what's her problem?

PIPER

(beat; sighs)

She, my friend... she sorta, kinda thinks she might be a -- witch.

She winces, gauging his reaction.

PASTOR WILLIAM

Witches again, huh?

PIPER

It's not a good thing, is it?

PASTOR WILLIAM

(searching for words)

Certainly not a question I get every day... How well do you remember your Sunday School lessons? Exodus 22:18...?

(reminds her)

'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live --'

PIPER

(unclear)

Meaning...?

(CONTINUED)

PASTOR WILLIAM
If you go by the old school, it
means put her to death. She's
evil.

Off Piper, her worst fears realized:

25 EXT. NEWSSTAND - CONTINUOUS 25

Phoebe steps to the cash register with some gum and a magazine.

CLERK
Three fifty-two.

As she digs through her purse, she sees an impoverished LATINO MAN and his frail WIFE, both 60's. He's carefully entering numbers onto a lottery ticket as she scrounges through her purse for every last penny. The man catches Phoebe looking, exchanges a smile.

LATINO MAN
Ten million dollar jackpot, maybe
it's our lucky day.

PHOEBE
Maybe...

Then, Phoebe has a strange thought, blinks at it:

26 PHOEBE'S VISION - BAR TV 26

A graphic card displays the winning numbers: 4, 16, 19, 30, 32, 40.

27 RESUME - PHOEBE 27

as she blinks away the premonition, back to reality.

PHOEBE
4, 16, 19, 30, 32 and 40...
(off Latino Man)
Oh my God -- the winning numbers.

CLERK
Yeah, right lady. You want this
stuff or don't you?

PHOEBE
(to Latino Man)
4, 16, 19, 30, 32 and 40.
(angelic smile)
Trust me, this is your lucky day.

(CONTINUED)

The Man looks to his wife, back to Phoebe, then begins to change his choices. Phoebe smiles, pleased with that, then gets a great idea. She looks to the clerk:

PHOEBE

Think I'll buy one of those lottery tickets, too.

And, as she digs through her purse for more money:

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Piper, lost in thought, sits in the van. After a beat, Phoebe, beaming, hops in:

PHOEBE

Ready? Let's go!

PIPER

(breaks trance)

What're you smiling about?

PHOEBE

Nothing...

Piper puts the van in drive. As she pulls away from the curb, WE notice one of the elderly indigents by the church, who raises her right hand to scratch her cheek and we see the same distinctive tattoo that was on Brittany's hand:

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. TRUDEAU'S SEDAN - NIGHT (NIGHT TWO)

ON that very photograph of Brittany, featuring the same, distinctive tattoo. REVEAL Trudeau and Morris on stake out across the street from Piper's restaurant. Trudeau rifles through three other photos.

TRUDEAU

What do you want me to say?
Something just doesn't feel right
to me about this, I can't help it.

MORRIS

Here we go again...

TRUDEAU

I mean, where are they, right?
What's this guy doing with these
poor women?

(CONTINUED)

MORRIS

Thinking alien abduction, are you?

TRUDEAU

I'm serious, Morris.

MORRIS

I know, that's what scares me.
Lemme guess, favorite movie growing
up? Ghostbusters. Am I right?
(before he can respond)

We've got a crazy, Trudeau, likes
the pretty ladies, that's it, the
end. If he's back here looking for
more, we'll grab him and tag him,
make the world a safer place --
that too hard to follow?

TRUDEAU

Evil Dead 2.

(off his look)

Favorite movie growing up, just for
the record.

Morris just shakes his head at that, then Trudeau looks
out the window, spots:

30

TRUDEAU'S POV -- PRUE

30

as she drives up to the valet, hops out and enters the
restaurant.

31

RESUME

31

Morris, unaware, looks in the opposite direction:

MORRIS

Bank across the street. We oughta
grab the ATM tapes, see if --

Trudeau grabs the door handle to get out.

MORRIS

Whoa, where're you going?
(off his look, sees
Prue)

Oh, no. Forget it, Romeo, you
ain't blowing our cover.

TRUDEAU

Come on, Morris, cut me some slack -
- I have to talk to her. Please?
Five minutes, that's all I need.

(CONTINUED)

Morris, considering it, taps his watch. Of Trudeau, checking his:

INT. QUAKE - NIGHT

Jam-packed. Prue approaches the bar, finds Piper, wound tight, emerging from the kitchen to flag down a waitress:

PIPER

Cindy, c'mon, your salmon's up!
(to passing busboy)
Hector, way behind, we need clean plates!

PRUE

You didn't give Andy my cell phone number, did you?

PIPER

No, why?

PRUE

Nevermind.

PIPER

(exhales)
Remind me again, I wanted to do this for a living, right?

PRUE

Looks like you're the only one of us who's gonna be doing anything for a living. Think I blew my interview.

PIPER

I can't imagine you were less than stellar.

PRUE

What's Phoebe doing here?

PIPER

Flirting.

Prue sees -- Phoebe, dressed in a sexy, Armani dress, who's being wined and dined at a corner booth by the stalker himself, Stefan.

PRUE

She's wearing Armani -- where'd she get that?!

PIPER
Not from my closet.
(off CRASH)
Gotta go...

Piper exits into the kitchen. Prue crosses to:

ANGLE - CORNER BOOTH

as Prue approaches, Phoebe and Stefan look up:

PHOEBE
Prue, hi. This is my other sister.
Prue, this is Stefan --
(pointed)
-- the photographer.

STEFAN
(stands to greet)
Pleasure.

PRUE
Likewise.
(to Phoebe)
Nice dress.

PHOEBE
Don't worry, it's not yours.

PRUE
I know, I could never afford it.

PHOEBE
(awkward beat)
Would you excuse me a minute,
Stefan? I'll be right back.

She gives him a suggestive look, then exits with Prue. Stefan sits back down, then his charming smile fades as he looks down at his hand -- which is showing signs of aging. Off his reaction, impatient:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

as Prue, upset, pulls Phoebe in:

PRUE
You charged it? But how're you
going to pay for it? You're broke.

PHOEBE
Not for long.

(CONTINUED)

PRUE

What does that mean?

(realizes)

You used your powers again.

PHOEBE

Maybe. You telling me you haven't?

PRUE

No, I'm not telling you that, but
we're not talking about me, are we?

Piper, amped, intercedes:

PIPER

What're you guys doing in here?

PHOEBE

Same thing we do at home.

PRUE

What, did you go to the track?
Play the market, what?

PHOEBE

(admits)

The Lottery.

PIPER

Phoebe!

PHOEBE

What was I supposed to do, ignore
the premonition? Not help a needy
family? That's what we're supposed
to do, right?

PRUE

But we're not supposed to
intentionally use the powers for
our own gain. That's what it says
in The Book of Shadows.

PIPER

Not so loud.

PHOEBE

You said we needed money, right?
I'm getting some.

PIPER

(losing it)

C'mon, you guys...

PRUE

You're supposed to get a job like
everybody else.

PHOEBE

(points at her temple)
I'm using my mind instead.

Trudeau enters --

TRUDEAU

Prue, look, L --

-- and bumps a BUSBOY carrying a stack of clean plates--

PIPER

(panics)
Watch it!!

-- which fall to the floor and SHATTER! Piper shuts
her eyes and -- everyone in the kitchen freezes in
their tracks, except for Prue, Phoebe and Piper, who
slowly re-opens her eyes, looks around:

PIPER

Oh, no... No, no, no, no -- not
again!

PRUE

Now look what you've done.

PHOEBE

Oh, right, this is my fault.

PIPER

Wait -- you guys aren't frozen?

PHOEBE

Guess it doesn't work on witches.

Prue pokes her head into:

INTERCUT:

34

DINING ROOM

34

not frozen at all. On the contrary, it's bustling.

35

KITCHEN

35

Prue turns back to her sisters, grave:

PRUE

Doesn't work out there either.

(CONTINUED)

PIPER

Please tell me this isn't
happening!

PHOEBE

Calm down, it's gonna be okay.

In the dining room, Morris enters, talks to the hostess. Stefan, seeing his coat flap open to reveal his badge on his belt, waits for him to pass by, then ducks out, not wanting to take any chances.

In the kitchen, Prue, spotting him, turns to the girls:

PRUE

Oh, God. Andy's partner just came
in -- and he's headed this way.

PIPER

What're we going to do?

36

DINING ROOM

36

Prue emerges from the kitchen, intercepts him:

PRUE

Hey, hi! Inspector Morris, right?

MORRIS

That's right. Trudeau in there?

PRUE

Uh, Andy? Is he?

MORRIS

Hostess said he was.

PRUE

She did? Well, then --

Morris gives her a curious look, then moves past her:

MORRIS

Excuse me.

37

THE KITCHEN

37

Everyone's still frozen. Phoebe's all but doing Lamaze with Piper:

PHOEBE

Breathe, Piper, breathe.

Then, just as Morris enters --

(CONTINUED)

PRUE
(following)
Wait....!

-- everyone suddenly unfreezes -- and the busboy's plates finish shattering on the floor.

TRUDEAU
(finishing sentence)
-- really think we...should talk...

Morris jumps out of the way, side-stepping the plates as Trudeau reacts quizzically to the fact that Prue isn't standing where... she just was. He turns to where she is now, then is even more confused upon seeing Morris.

TRUDEAU
What're you doing here? I thought I had five minutes.

MORRIS
I gave you ten.

Morris holds up his watch so Trudeau can see. Trudeau checks his own watch, really confused now.

TRUDEAU
But, how...?

Prue prompts Piper with a look -- get them outta here!

PIPER
(ushering them out)
Guys, do you mind? We're really busy in here.

TRUDEAU
Yeah, sure.

PRUE
I'll call you. I promise.

TRUDEAU
Oh-kay. Good.

PHOEBE
Bye.

Trudeau, still checking his watch, exits with Morris. The sisters take a collective breath, shaking their heads at the near miss. Off Piper, a wreck:

PIPER
I hate being a witch.

~~PIPER~~ FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

38 EXT. HALLIWELL MANOR - DAY (DAY THREE) 38

39 INT. HALLIWELL MANOR - ATTIC - DAY 39

Piper's curled up in a chair, reading through the Book of Shadows. After a beat, Phoebe enters:

PHOEBE

Hey. What're you doing?

PIPER

Reading. Thinking.

PHOEBE

About what?

PIPER

About -- how totally screwed we are now that we're witches.

PHOEBE

Oh. That.

PIPER

You don't understand, you don't think we are. You're never afraid of anything. I envy that about you, always have.

PHOEBE

Yeah, well don't. Gets me in trouble sometimes.

Phoebe sits across from Piper with sisterly concern:

PHOEBE

Talk to me...

PIPER

I don't know... It's just that our whole lives, we're like everyone else, rushing off to work, going out on bad dates, buying shoes;

(MORE)

CONTINUED

PIPER (cont'd)

then all of a sudden one day we wake up and everything's different. We're witches now, I don't know if that's a good thing or a bad thing.

PHOEBE

You kidding? It's a great thing.

PIPER

You don't know that. We don't know anything about these powers -- why we have them, what they mean, where they even come from? How do we know it's not from... evil?

PHOEBE

Piper...

PIPER

How do we know? What about Jeremy? What about all the other warlocks he said would be coming after us? How do we know we're not just like them? That's what scares me. We don't know.

(worried beat)

I just want to be normal again, as messed up as that was -- is that too much to ask for?

Piper wipes away a tear. Phoebe gives her a hug, then gives her a pep talk:

PHOEBE

Listen to me, Piper. You are the sweetest, most caring person I've ever met.

(off her resistance)

No, I mean that, you are. You're always there to help anybody, even strangers, you've been doing it your whole life. There's no way you would've been given this, this - 'gift,' if it wasn't to do good things with it. 'To protect the innocent,' just like the Book of Shadows says. Besides, if anyone should be concerned about being bad, it's me, right?

Piper allows a smile. Phoebe matches it.

PHOEBE

You've got nothing to be afraid of.

(beat; stands)

I gotta go. I'm going to get my picture taken.

(CONTINUED)

She "poses," then exits. Off Piper, digesting it all:

40

INT. QUAKE - DAY

40

Pre-lunch crowd, not busy. ON the cut, a waiter brings cappuccinos over to Prue and Trudeau's table.

PRUE/TRUDEAU

Thanks...

He leaves, leaving them in that who-goes-first awkward place. Finally:

Andy -- PRUE Look -- TRUDEAU

Go ahead -- TRUDEAU You first -- PRUE

They smile, then:

TRUDEAU
I'm not sorry it happened, Prue.

PRUE
Well, I have to be honest with you,
Andy, I am.
(quickly reassures)
I mean, not because I didn't...
like it. I did. Especially the --

TRUDEAU
Yeah, that was great.

PRUE
And, of course, there was the --

TRUDEAU
That was nice, too.

PRUE
But, that's not the point. I mean,
we hadn't seen each other in almost
seven years, then to pick right
back up where we left off...

TRUDEAU
I know, believe me, I feel the same
way. I just want to know why you
left, that's all.

She hesitates, not sure herself. He gently presses:

(CONTINUED)

TRUDEAU (cont'd)

Why can't you tell me? What's the big secret?

PRUE

Believe me, you don't want to know.

TRUDEAU

Try me.

PRUE

Other than the fact that I haven't been real good at relationships lately, my life's gotten a little -- complicated. I just don't think I should be getting... involved right now, that's all.

TRUDEAU

Prue, we had sex, it doesn't mean we have to elope.

(off her look)

Okay, how about this? I've got an idea: what if we just pretend like it never happened?

PRUE

Do you want me to toss you a life preserver now, or just let you sink on your own?

TRUDEAU

No, I'm serious. We'll just count that one as part of our old relationship. Slow down, start over again. 'Hey, Prue, hi, it's good to see you again.' See? Piece of cake.

Prue's charmed by him, but still...

TRUDEAU

(heartfelt)

We've been given a second chance here, Prue. I don't want to blow it -- this time.

The moment is interrupted first by her cell phone RINGING, then by his pager BEEPING.

TRUDEAU

Dating in the nineties...

PRUE

Excuse me...

(into phone)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PRUE (cont'd)

Hello...?

(off watch)

Yes, absolutely, I should be able

(MORE)

PRUE (cont'd)
to make that. Thank you...
(hangs up; to Trudeau)
I don't believe it, that was the
auction house. They want me to
come back for a ~~second~~ interview.
I have to go...

He nods, understanding. She pauses, looks to him:

PRUE
Just... give me a little time to
think things through, okay?

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Piper sits in her SUV just like when we first saw her
here, lost in thought, staring at the church doors.

PIPER
(a mantra)
I have nothing to be afraid of. I
have nothing to be afraid of...

A CLAP OF THUNDER makes her question that. Determined,
she takes a deep breath, decides to go for it. She
gets out, walks with determination up the steps, but
then slows as she approaches the ominous-looking doors.
Tense beats as she gathers her courage, reaches for the
door handle, squeezes her eyes closed, says a silent
prayer then gives the handle a pull, and --

THE DOOR

-- opens. Without incident, or God's wrath. It just
opens right up. Piper opens her eyes, sees it, smiles.
She takes a step into the church just to be sure, then
back out again. In, out. She beams, relieved,
grateful, then turns toward the street, throws her
hands high up in the air and announces:

PIPER
I'm GOOD!!

A couple of passersby shoot her an odd look, but she is
immune to it. She skips down the steps, heads back to
her SUV, but then something catches her eye, stops her:

ANGLE - ELDERLY WOMAN

walking past, aimless. It's the same elderly woman we
saw earlier. Piper crosses over to her, eyeing her
hand suspiciously. She reaches down and gently lifts
the elderly woman's right hand, turning it over to

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

reveal the distinctive tattoo. Piper can't believe it -
- could it be?

~~PIPER~~

Brittany...?

The elderly woman stops, looks at her hopefully:

ELDERLY WOMAN

You know me? Is that my name...?

Off Piper's look:

42

EXT. AUCTION HOUSE - DAY

42

43

INT. AUCTION HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

43

PICK UP Rex as he greets Prue at the elevators:

REX

Prue, thanks for coming back.

PRUE

Thanks for having me back, although
I must admit I didn't expect it.

REX

I told you I was interested and I
am. But, I'd like to test your
expertise, if you wouldn't mind,
see how good you really are.
Careful, watch your step.

He guides her around construction debris and over to a
row of paintings, sculptures and artifacts. Waiting
there is HANNAH, 25, European, elitist.

REX

This is Hannah Webster, she's one
of our Assistant Specialists. This
is Prue Halliwell.

PRUE

Nice to meet you. Nice shoes.

HANNAH

(frosty)
How kind.

Rex directs Prue to the row of objects. Overhead are
planks of scaffolding.

REX

Please, tell us about this piece.

(CONTINUED)

PRUE

(instantly recognizes)
'Madonna of the Meadow,' Giovanni
Bellini. Sixteenth century,
fabulous piece, worth three, four
million dollars easily -- if it
wasn't a copy.

HANNAH

What makes you think it's a copy?

PRUE

It's too well preserved, no
yellowing. Plus, the frame support
is made of pine. Italian painters
used poplar back then.

Hannah seems unimpressed. Rex seems very impressed,
gestures to a sculpture.

PRUE

A Degas. In fact, this particular
sculpture's the only one he ever
exhibited himself...

Hannah steps to the side, accidentally bumping into the
scaffolding -- which causes a five gallon can of paint
to teeter off the plank high over Prue's head!

REX

Watch out!

As the can falls, the paint spills out in a sheet
heading directly for:

ANGLE - PRUE

who flinches, reflexively putting her hands up palms
forward, inadvertently conjuring her powers to:

ANGLE - THE SPILLING PAINT

as it arcs subtly, but safely around Prue's head --
just missing her -- before splashing onto the floor and
splattering on Hannah's shoes! Hannah reacts,
mortified. *

Rex quickly moves to Prue, who's more concerned about
whether he noticed the magic.

REX

Are you okay?

(CONTINUED)

PRUE

Yeah, yeah, I'm fine...

REX

Are you sure? I'm so sorry, I can't believe that happened.

PRUE

I'm okay.

REX

Well -- I don't know quite what to say, other than you're hired if you still want the job.

PRUE

Are you serious?

REX

Can you start on Monday?

PRUE

Yes, absolutely.

REX

Terrific, then it's done. We'll go over all the details when you come in. In the meantime, welcome aboard.

PRUE

Thank you, thanks a lot. Bye.

Prue turns, exits. After she's gone, Rex moves to Hannah, who wipes the paint off with a sour expression.

REX

Well, what do you think?

HANNAH

I think either she's the luckiest woman alive, or -- she's a witch.

Off Rex, nodding in agreement:

INT. HALLIWELL MANOR - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Prue enters, excited:

PRUE

Piper, Phoebe -- guess what...?

Prue hangs her coat up in the entry, turns right into the elderly woman, who looks at her blank-faced:

(CONTINUED)

ELDERLY WOMAN

What...?

Prue scowls at the curious intruder as Piper emerges from the kitchen with some applesauce for their guest.

PIPER

Oh, Prue, thank God, you're home.

PRUE

Yeah... Who's --

PIPER

(hands food to woman)

Here you are, Brittany. Why don't you sit here at the table, okay? There you go...

PRUE

Sorry, 'Brittany?'

PIPER

(pulls her aside)

You're never gonna believe this. I'm not sure I do. I think, I know this woman is -- Brittany Reynolds.

PRUE

Right, Piper, and I'm Rosie O'Donnell.

PIPER

Prue, I mean it! Brittany has a tattoo, right? On her right hand, an angel, remember?

Prue narrows her eyes, sees the tattoo as the elderly lady spoons the applesauce into her mouth.

PRUE

That can't be...

PIPER

That's what I thought at first. But then I started asking her some questions, things only Brittany would know.

(off woman)

She may be senile, but she knew enough to convince me.

PRUE

But how... what happened?

(CONTINUED)

44

PIPER

I don't know. All I know is
somehow we have to help her.

45

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (DUSK)

45

Phoebe drives up (in the delivery van). She hops out dressed in sexy shorts and a top, grabs some outfits on hangers, crosses to the windowless office. Excited, she knocks on the door. No answer. Knocks again:

PHOEBE

Hello...? Stefan, it's Phoebe...

Then, just as she grabs the doorknob, she stops, sees:

46

PHOEBE'S PREMONITION (INT. WAREHOUSE)

46

As Stefan, graying and wrinkled, advances into the light without conscience. Then, his evil eyes turn to fire -- and they literally blaze into the eyes of --

ANGLE TO REVEAL PHOEBE

surrounded by lit, black candles and bound to the altar as she SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER.

47

RESUME ACTION (EXT. WAREHOUSE)

47

as Phoebe blinks out of her vision. Freaked, she drops the hangers, turns and bolts for the van!

48

INT. DELIVERY VAN - CONTINUOUS

48

Phoebe jumps in, fires up the engine. She throws the gear in reverse, checks the rearview mirror and is horrified to see -- Stefan in the reflection. And, as his hand reaches forward and stifles her scream, we:

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

49

INT. HALLIWELL MANOR - ATTIC - NIGHT (NIGHT THREE)

49

Pick up Piper leading Prue in and over to the Book of Shadows:

PRUE

Piper, what are you talking about?

PIPER

I'm telling you, I saw something about it in the Book of Shadows. Look, see?

(opens book)

'Javna feeds one week out of every year, stealing the life force from the young...'

PRUE

(reading on)

'...by invoking the black magic power of The Evil Eye to gain eternal youth.'

PIPER

It's gotta be what happened to Brittany.

PRUE

(turns pages)

There must be some kind of incantation to reverse it somehow --

PIPER

There is --

(turns the page; shows her)

-- 'The Hand of Fatima.' It says the Prophet Mohammed invoked it centuries ago to banish Javna back to wherever the hell he came from.

PRUE

Problem is, we don't know who Javna really is. Let alone, where he is.

49A

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

49A

Brittany, lost, confused, drifts past the refrigerator, then spots the cocktail napkin Stefan gave Phoebe, which is affixed with a magnet. She reaches for the napkin with her right hand, pulls it off, then, like a

(CONTINUED)

49A

horrible memory haunting her, she crumples to the floor with a CRASH.

49B

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

49B

Piper and Prue react, exchange a look:

PIPER

(calls)

Brittany...?

No answer. Worried, they exit.

50

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

50

ON Brittany, who's slumped on the floor. Prue and Piper rush down the stairs, find her there.

PIPER

Oh God... what happened?

PRUE

Brittany? Are you alright?

The elderly lady struggles to speak, can't. She appears gravely ill.

PIPER

I'll call 911.

PRUE

And tell them what? That she's dying of old age at 25?

Piper notices something crumpled in Brittany's hand.

PRUE

What is it?

PIPER

A cocktail napkin from my restaurant...

(turns it over)

...Stefan's address...?

ELDERLY WOMAN

(barely audible)

Jayna.

Prue and Piper exchange a look, then Piper's heart sinks as she realizes:

PIPER

Prue -- that's where Phoebe went!

(CONTINUED)

Off Prue:

51 ON A TV MONITOR

51

A black and white surveillance shot (with supered date/time) taken from an ATM across the street, shows Stefan emerging from Piper's restaurant with a giggling victim on his arm. FREEZE FRAME, then REVEAL we are in:

52 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

52.

as Trudeau turns from the monitor to Morris, matches up one of the photographs.

TRUDEAU

It's gotta be him!

MORRIS

(nods)

Jibes with the last place she was seen before she disappeared. Is he on our suspect list?

TRUDEAU

(off file photo)

Just moved to the top.

MORRIS

(pats monitor)

God bless ATM's.

They rush off:

53 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

53

desolate, eerie.

54 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

54

Dark, shadowy. Driving MUSIC PLAYS again, ominously reminding us of the last time we were here. ON the cut, a match enters FRAME and lights a black candle, then another, and another. Then, the gnarled hand lifts up the jewel-encrusted mirror to reflect the face of -- Stefan, even older looking now than when he grabbed Phoebe. He turns to see his next victim, Phoebe, bound to the altar exactly as she foresaw in her premonition. She strains at the ties, pleads:

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE

Please, Stefan, or whoever your
are, let me go.

He advances on her, correcting her with his demonic
voice:

STEFAN

Javna.

Then, his evil eyes turn to fire. Phoebe SCREAMS --

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

as Prue and Piper race up (in Prue's car) next to the
delivery van. They jump out, check inside the van:

PRUE

See anything?

PIPER

No.
(worried sick)
Prue...

PRUE

We'll find her.

PIPER

Maybe we should call the police.

PRUE

If Javna has her, we're the only
ones who can stop him.

PIPER

But we need Phoebe to do it -- the
incantation only works with the
power of three.

A muffled O.S. SCREAM turns their attention to:

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

This time it's no premonition -- Stefan's evil eyes
literally blaze into Phoebe's, paralyzing her,
agonizing her. She lets out a BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM
then --

ANGLE - OFFICE DOOR

as it's magically flung open to reveal -- Prue and
Piper standing there, determined.

(CONTINUED)

Stefan turns, surprised, pissed, breaking the connection with Phoebe. Prue engages him, throwing him backward with her powers. Stefan, though, is much more powerful. He regains his feet and focuses his fireball eyes onto Prue. Like a tractor beam, she's drawn closer to him despite all of her efforts.

Meanwhile, Piper has moved to a shaken Phoebe, quickly unties her:

PIPER

Phoebe, come on, we need you. We don't have much time...

Then just when it looks like Stefan has Prue right where he wants her, she manages to grab the jewel-encrusted mirror and holds it up -- banking his evil eye beam right back onto him! He stumbles backward, shuddering from the blow, falling to his knees.

Prue rushes over to her sisters, helps Phoebe to her feet:

PRUE

Now!

PRUE/PIPER/PHOEBE

(off paper; chant)

Evil Eyes look onto thee,
May they soon extinguished be,
Bend thy will to the power of
three, Eye of earth, evil and
accursed!

Stefan stands, advances on them.

STEFAN

You can't stop me! I will live
forever!

The incantation doesn't appear to be working -- until Prue holds out her right hand and, as they continue to chant, it magically transforms into 'The Hand of Fatima' (where each finger becomes a deterrent of evil: a serpent, a frog's head, a dragon, etc.). Stefan reacts, afraid for the first time.

STEFAN

NO!!

PRUE/PIPER/PHOEBE

(more determined)

Evil Eyes look onto thee,
May they soon extinguished be,
Bend thy will to the power of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PRUE/PIPER/PHOEBE (cont'd)
three, Eye of earth, evil and
accursed!

Flashes of light and a gale-force wind emanates from Prue's magic hand, attacking Stefan, who CRIES OUT in the collective pain of all his victims -- then he rapidly ages, decomposes into a skeleton, then to ashes, which blow harmlessly away!

All becomes quiet as Prue lowers her hand.

PHOEBE
(impressed)
Very cool.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLIWELL MANOR - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ON the elderly Brittany, lying on the couch, near death -- as her youth rapidly returns and she becomes 25 again! Restored, but confused, she sits up -- wondering where the hell she is.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

As the girls emerge and cross to the cars -- a patrol car and an unmarked police car (with cherries flashing) screech up, stop. Trudeau and Morris get out of the sedan:

MORRIS
What the hell?

TRUDEAU
Prue...?!

The sisters share a look -- what do they do now? Morris and the uniforms enter the warehouse, guns drawn. Trudeau approaches:

TRUDEAU
What're you doing here?!

PRUE
(off sisters)
We were... just trying to get the van started.

PIPER
Phoebe called, said she was having car trouble.

CONTINUED

PHOEBE

Yeah, Stefan was... gonna shoot
some pictures of me.

TRUDEAU

Do you have any idea how lucky you
are? This guy's the stalker.

The girls feign surprise as Morris emerges:

MORRIS

No sign of him inside. His car's
here, so he might still be around.
Stay with them.

Morris and the uniforms exit. Trudeau gauges Prue's
reaction then, suspicious, walks over to the delivery
van. He reaches in, turns the ignition. It starts
right up.

PIPER

Hey, how about that, you fixed it!

TRUDEAU

Yeah, how about that...

PHOEBE

Maybe we should get out of here,
you know? Because of the stalker
and all...

TRUDEAU

Good idea.

PRUE

Thanks.
(starts off, then)
Call me?

TRUDEAU

Sure.

She holds his look, then crosses to her car and follows
Phoebe and Piper, in the delivery van, away. Off
Trudeau, still suspicious:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. QUAKE - DAY (DAY FOUR)

Packed as usual. PICK UP Phoebe weaving through the
crowd, just like we did at the beginning of the show.

PHOEBE

Excuse me, sorry...

(CONTINUED)

Just before she gets to the bar, she runs across Tia, the blonde model with the mole on her cheek (Stefan's victim in Act One). Her youth has been restored as well.

PHOEBE

Hey, hi. How are you?

Tia, only vaguely recognizing her, just smiles as she continues past. Phoebe joins Prue and Piper at their table.

PIPER

You know that girl?

PHOEBE

I almost was that girl.
(off their looks)
She was one of Stefan's victims.
Obviously doesn't remember.

PRUE

Lucky her.

PHOEBE

Lucky me. Learned my lesson, I've gotta be a lot more careful.

PRUE

Excuse me, did I hear right? Did she just admit she was actually wrong about something?

PIPER

That's what I heard.

PHOEBE

Frame it, won't happen again.

They share smiles.

PIPER

At least we helped those people, you know? I mean, it's nice to know the powers really are good.

PRUE

Good for everything but our love lives, unfortunately.

(wry smile)

Still, I have to admit, they do come in handy once in a while.

PHOEBE

Uh-huh, hypocrite.

(CONTINUED)

Their attentions shifts to:

60

ANGLE - BAR TV

60

where we see a graphic displaying the winning lottery numbers: 4, 16, 19, 30, 32, 40 (exactly like in Phoebe's premonition).

61

RESUME SISTERS

61

Phoebe can't help herself, reacts excitedly:

PHOEBE

Hey, my numbers, I won!
(off their sour looks)
Well, I did...

She reaches into her purse, pulls out the lottery ticket, but is surprised to see:

INSERT - TICKET

the winning numbers literally vanish away!

RESUME SISTERS

as Phoebe reacts with disappointment. Prue leans over, sees it:

PRUE

Told you. Can't intentionally use the powers for our own gain, remember?

PHOEBE

Good thing I didn't take the tags off that dress.

PIPER

(raises glass)
A toast: to the Power of Three -- whether we like it or not.

And, as they clink their glasses together, we:

FADE OUT.

THE END